



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

960
H428
h

UC-NRLF



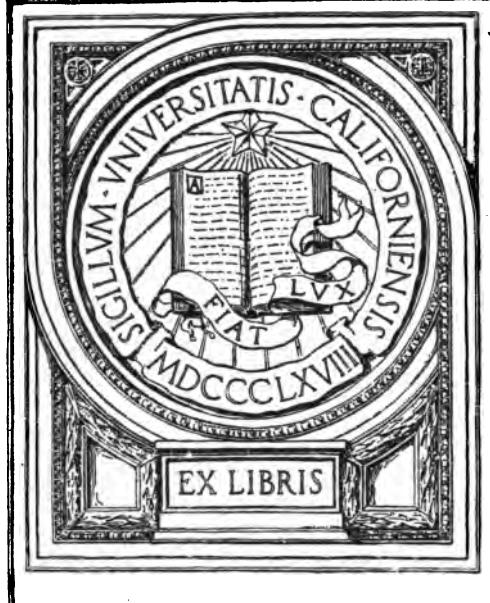
\$B 56 120

P N
6120
A5
H38
1912
MAIN

HOW ROBIN HOOD
ONCE WAS A WALT

YC 45626

GIFT OF
Pres. Wheeler



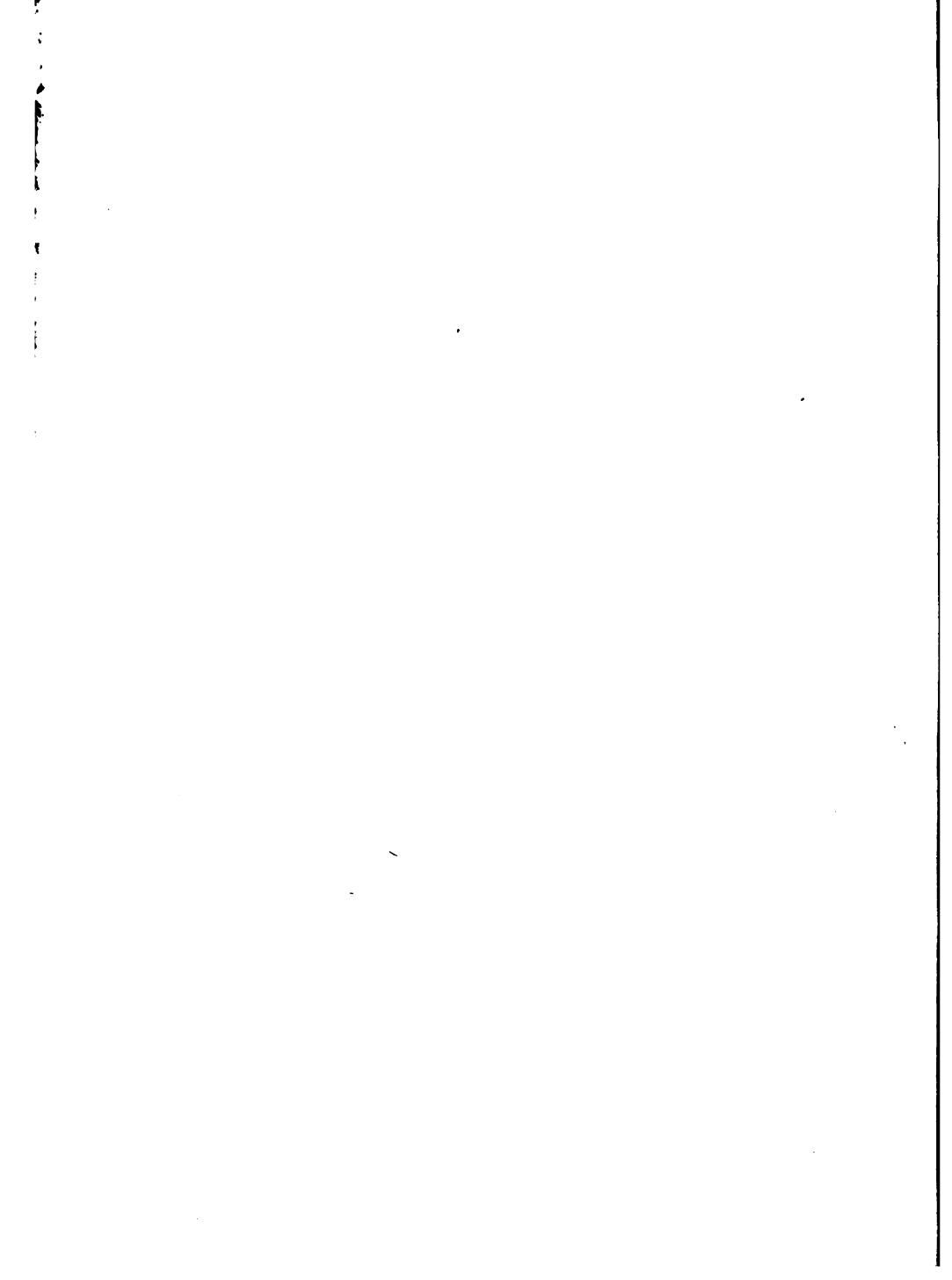
960
H 428
lw

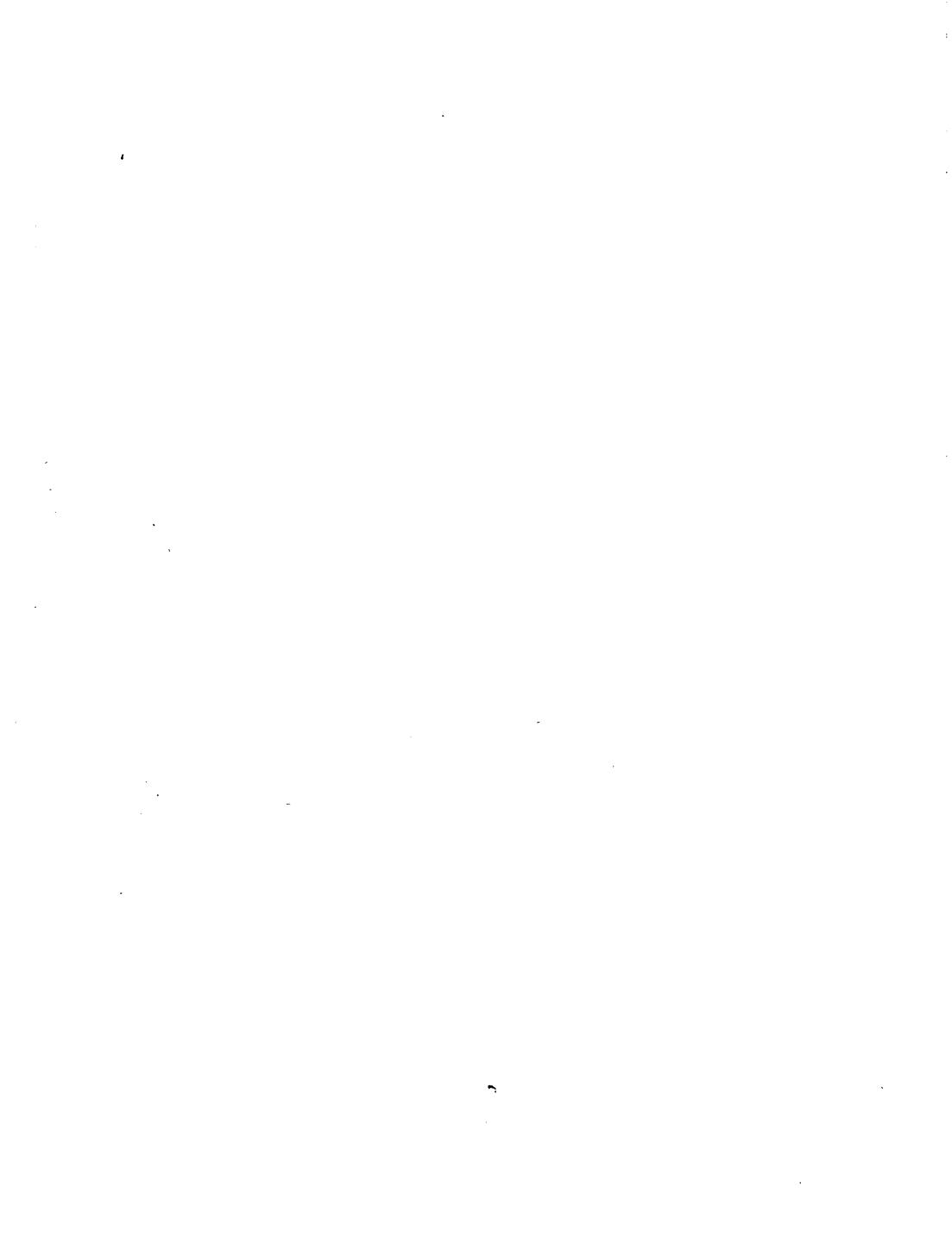


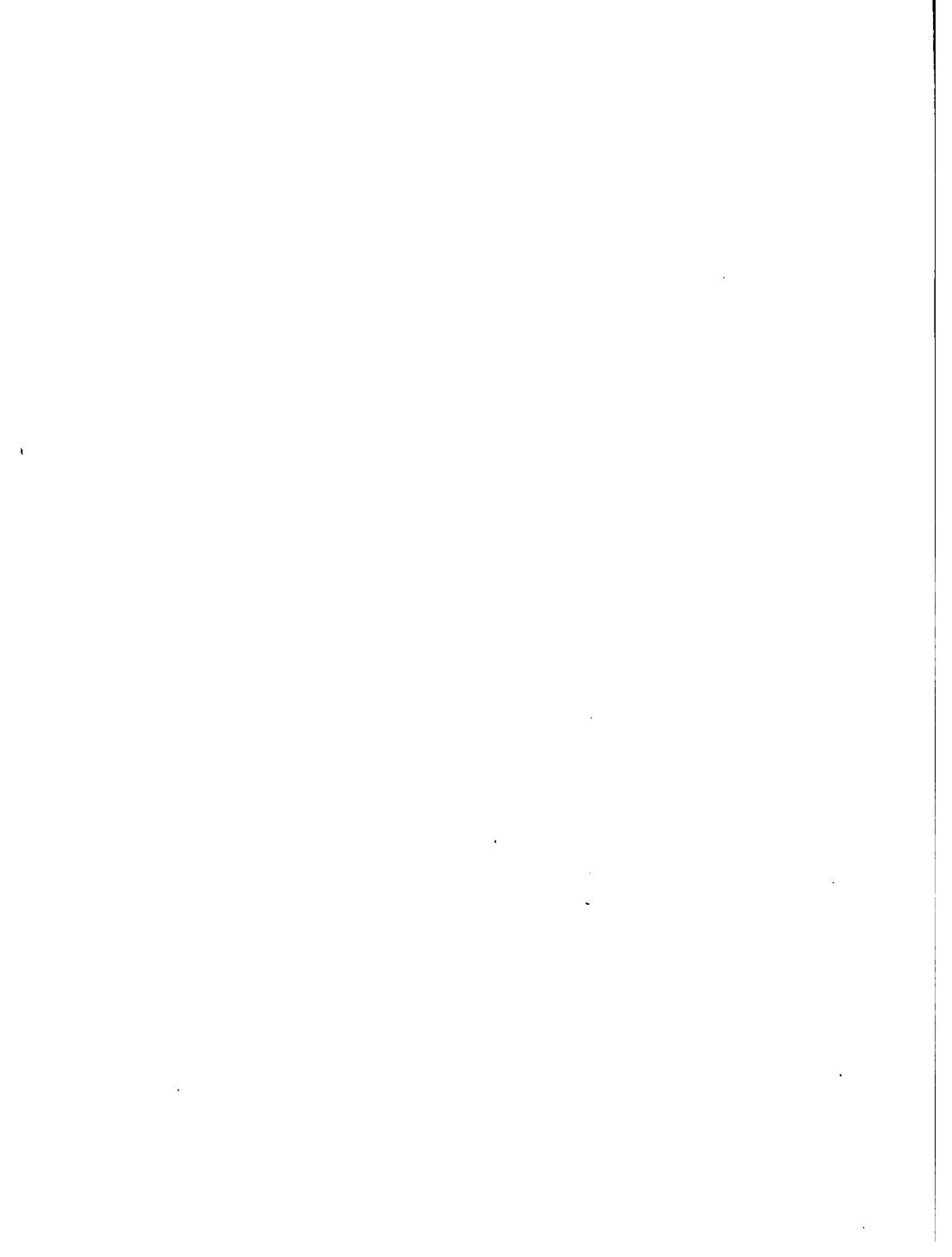
960

4428

4







HOW ROBIN HOOD ONCE WAS A WAIT

A MIRACLE PLAY OR CHRISTMAS MASQUE

BY
ROWLAND GIBSON HAZARD

ACTED AT PEACE DALE
ON
CHRISTMAS EVE
1910



PRINTED BY S. P. C.
PROVIDENCE

1912
S. P. C.
PROVIDENCE

COPYRIGHT, 1910
BY
R. G. HAZARD

THE VIMI
AMMOCYIA

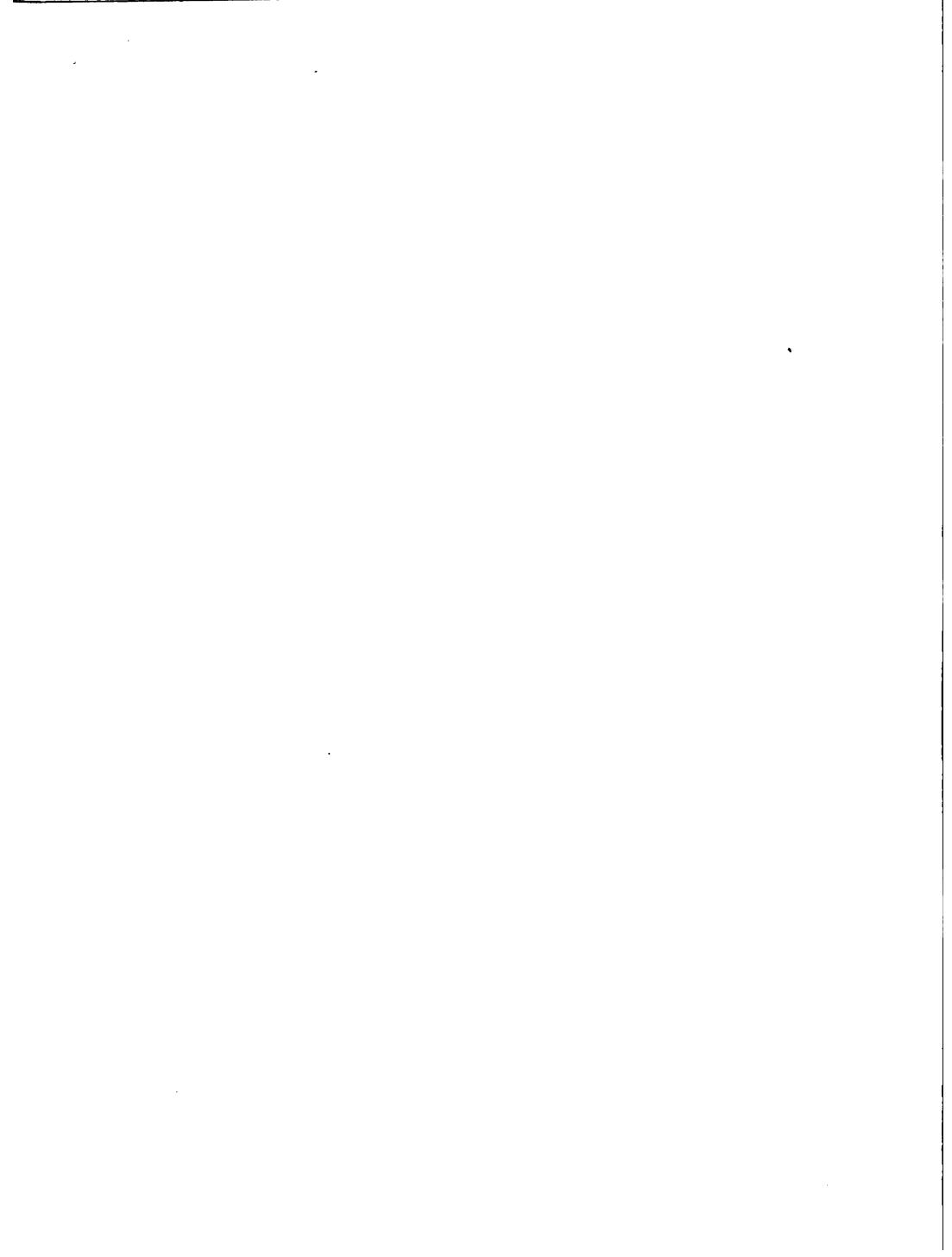
PN6120
ASH38
1912
MAIN

960
~~H 28~~
In

To

*The Boys and Girls of Peace Dale —
the hope of the future*

253402



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THIS little sketch was prepared very hurriedly in order to give scope to the volunteer efforts of certain of the younger members of the community who had undertaken to provide the entertainment for the Christmas celebration of 1910 of the Peace Dale Congregational Sunday School.

After looking patiently and long for something which they could act for the entertainment of their fellows, they despaired of finding anything they would like.

In their dilemma they appealed to me, saying that their principal desire was to introduce the singing of Christmas carols in some way not too commonplace.

The characters were taken by inexperienced actors who, nevertheless, presented the masque in a very genuine and convincing manner.

THE VIVID
AMPHITHEATER

The whole time of action was about thirty-five minutes, including the singing of the Christmas carols. I was urged to amplify the action, in order to somewhat prolong the part played by Robin Hood and his men, but, after some effort in this direction, I gave it up, as the principal merit of the masque seemed to me to be its brevity.

Several friends have urged its preservation in print in the hope that it may prove suggestive or useful to others in like predicament.

R. G. H.

Peace Dale, R. I.,

July 16, 1912.

LIST OF PERSONS

ROBIN HOOD

LONG JOHN

FRIAR TUCK

WATT

WILL SCARLETT

One or two others

WAIT (leader)

FIDDLER

CELLO

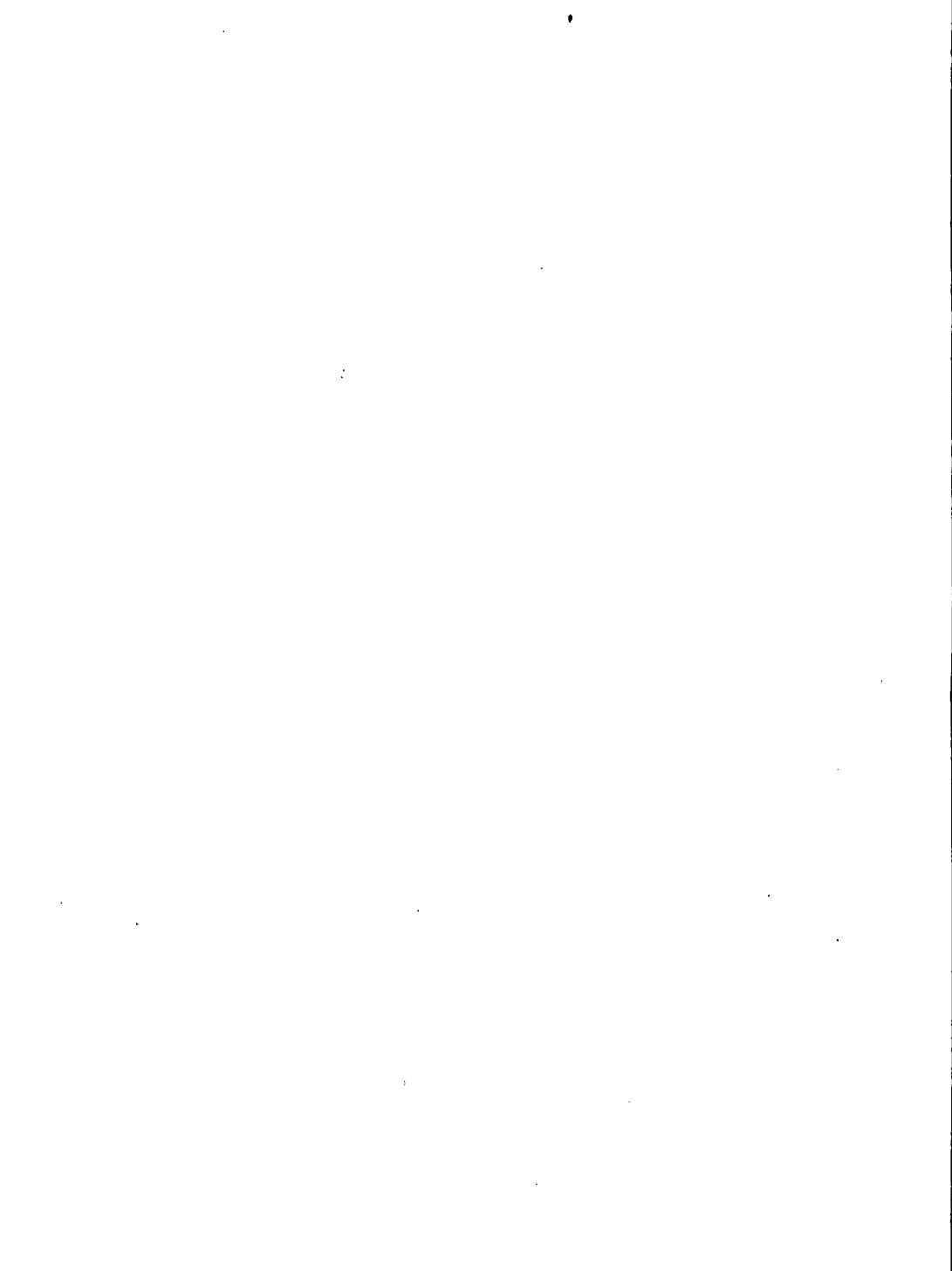
CLARINET

SINGERS — as many as may be

WIDOW

**Eight to twelve children
less than fourteen years old**

SANTA CLAUS



C O S T U M E S

Robin Hood—If possible, in a close-fitting green, buttoned to the throat.

Long John—In old clothes, with leggings. With a bow and arrows, one arrow stuck in belt. (None of Robin's men show shirts or collars.)

Watt—Has a bow. Should be a very short man.

Friar Tuck—In a friar's robe, with girdle, holding in his hand a big soup spoon with which he beats time while singing.

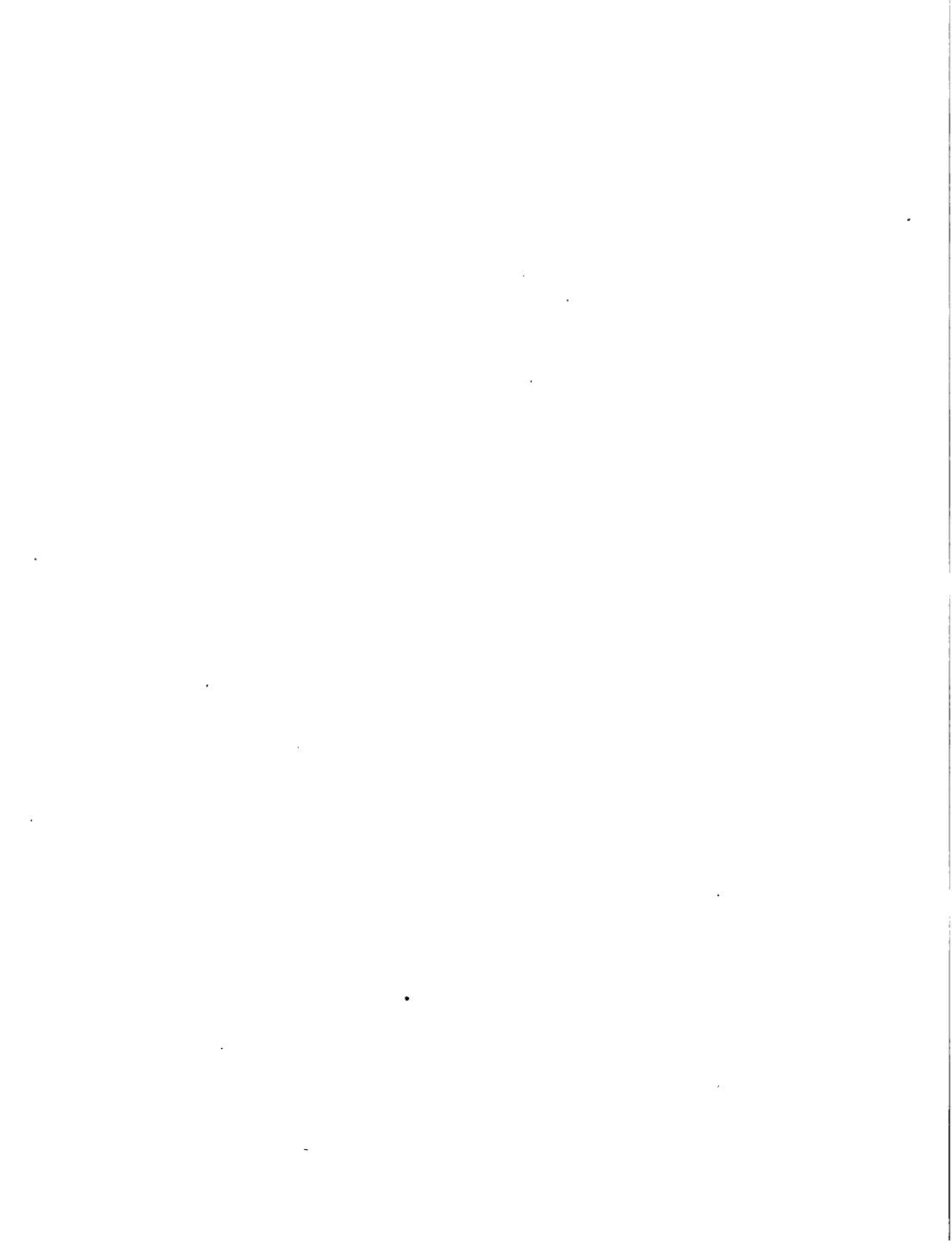
Will Scarlett—Also with a bow, but no arrows.

Waits—Waits dressed poorly, as is the custom. Rather ragged clothes.

Widow—With a cap and kerchief and apron. Woollen dress cut full.

Children—Dressed in school clothes, as old as may be.

Santa Claus—Red coat, white trimming. Red cap, white trimming. White beard.



A CHRISTMAS MASQUE

How Robin Hood once was a Wait

(Curtain rising discloses a wood scene. In center a small house. Snow falls. Robin Hood and his merry men advance from left wings, one singing the XIII Century Rondo)—

King Arthur had three sons, that he had ;
King Arthur had three sons, that he had ;
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked
them out of door
Because they could not sing, that he did.

Chorus — the same.

(Repeat singing.)

Robin—Well, lads, ye've fed full this day,

So 'tis well to be gay ;

* * * *

In spite of the weather

Let's merry be together.

Yon house stuffed with babes

Deserves a kind deed,

But we've nothing to give them,

Tho 'tis Christmas, as all are agreed.

(The Waits enter from right, tuning instruments and show
fear of Robin's men, who advance threateningly towards them.)

Robin (hectoring)—And who gave ye leave to
break the mighty silence of our wood ?

Wait (deprecatingly)—Softly, Kind Master, we be
but simple singers come to joy yon lonely
widow with songs of Christmas-tide.

Robin—**Singers**, idle and vain, we'll have ye
know 'tis death to enter here without our
license.

Waits—We be waits, good sir, and have ever
license to sing the birth of Christ our Lord,
born this day.

Robin (scornfully)—And what be waits?

Wait (with solemnity)—We wait upon the com-
ing of our Lord, Son of Mary and Heaven's
Almighty King. And while we patient wait,
we sing.

Robin (appeased)—**Waits**, that's better, and who
gave word of this widow and her dozen brats?

Wait—My fiddler here is cousin to the widow's dead man.

Robin (relenting)—What says't thou, Long John and Watt and Jolly Tuck, how would ye like to join this band of Waits for once and sing like Christians to the widow's brats?

Tuck (deep bass)—Ay, 't would be well for once to use the lore I once knew well. I'll go.

Long John—I'll go.

Watt—I'll go, but I can only buzz.

(They advance together towards house grouping towards right, leaving house in full view of audience, who see many children at a lighted window, but not one looking out.)

(They sing after more tuning of instruments)—

Good King Wenceslas.

I.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp, and even ;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

2.

“ Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know’st, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he ?
Where and what his dwelling ? ”
“ Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain ;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes’ fountain.”

3.

“ Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither ;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together ;
Through the rude wind’s wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4.

“ Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”
Mark my footsteps, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly ;
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.

5.

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

The First Noël.

I.

The first Noël the Angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in
fields as they lay ;
In fields where they lay keeping their
sheep,

On a cold winter's night that was so
deep.

Chorus.

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
Born is the King of Israel.

2.

They looked up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Noël, etc.

3.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far ;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

Noël, etc.

4.

This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Noël, etc.

5.

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Noël, etc.

6.

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of
nought,

And with His Blood mankind hath
bought.

Noël, etc.

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen.

(Old English Noël.)

I.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray ;

Chorus

O tidings of comfort and joy,
comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

2.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn ;
The which His Mother, Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.

O tidings, etc.

3.

From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came ;
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same :
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.

O tidings, etc.

4.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace ;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.

O tidings, etc.

(At second carol, the children come out with half-eaten apples and oaten cake, to stand listening to the singing. The children mingle with the waits and offer them bites of their apples, etc. The widow comes out with a big steaming pot of mead to thank the waits. Offers pot. Robin's men each try to take first drink. Robin stops quarrel and hands it to Tuck, who drinks hastily, and so burns his mouth.)

Widow—Oh ! kind gentlemen, bless your hearts for this. It's many a year since I heard

the sound of a Christmas carol. It does my old heart good. Bless ye, bless ye.

(Describes the fiddler cousin, falls on his shoulder, and makes talk of his family — *sotto voce*.)

(Robin's men draw off and sing again)—

King Arthur had three sons, that he had.

(A basket lowered from above with Santa Claus in it begins to appear to the audience. No one on stage sees it. Santa Claus reaches out and taps Robin on the head, smartly, with a bit of rope. Knocks off his hat.)

Robin (terrified) — Saints preserve us. Who smote me?

(Sees balloon. Points to it. All cry out in alarm.)

Robin—An air-man ; a Miracle ! The day of
miracles !

Santa Claus (intones high tenor voice)—Fear not,
except for thy sins. I came to hear ; what
music was it ye sang ?—Nay be not affrighted
—I'll e'en stand among ye. So shall ye see
I bode no ill.

(Alights from his car.)

Robin—Canst fly ? How else cam'st hither ?
Truly a Miracle art thou.

Santa Claus—No Miracle am I, but the dear
Christ's Almoner ; who comes this night and
every Christmas-tide bearing gifts for all good
children and a good gift for all, even Jesus'
love and Peace on Earth, good will toward

men. But this is a miracle, in truth, for here
be Waits joined hands with Robin Hood in
songs of praise for Christus' birth.

Praise God for this and all good deeds, and
by such shall these wild hearts (turns to
Robin's men) learn gentle love for all man-
kind.

(Exit. Robin leads his men, exit to right. Waits follow.)

Santa Claus— And now, good people all, take note
of Music ; see how she sways rough men and
brings the good that's in us all to turn them
into better paths. King Arthur did quite
right to those three sons who would not sing.

I've brought ye Xmas joys
For all good girls and boys.

I command ye all to sing
In praise of our Lord King ;
The Prince of Peace and God of Love
Who sitteth on the throne above.

(Exit in balloon-basket upwards, leaving baskets of presents on stage.)

(Audience rises and sings)—

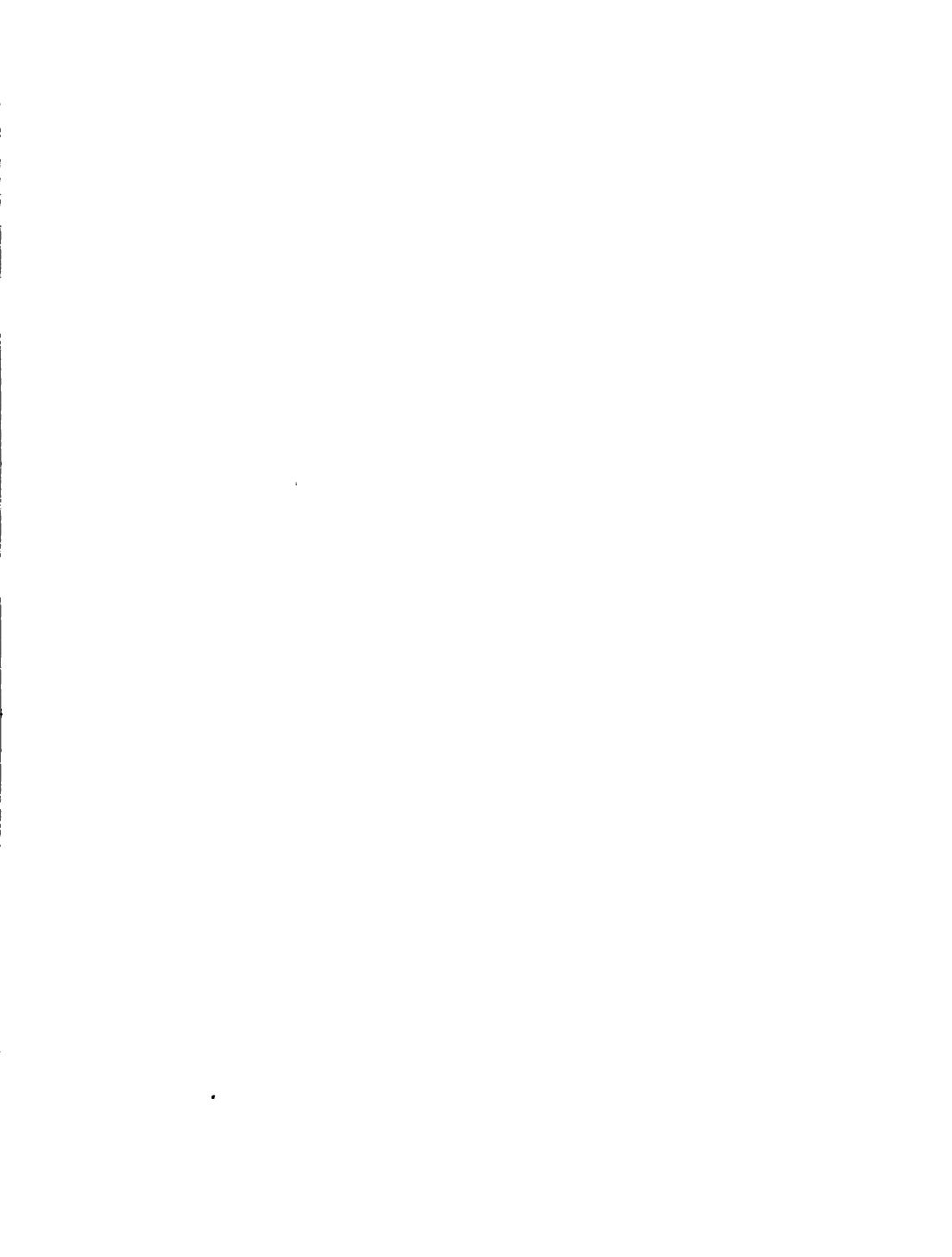
Adeste Fideles.

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad
accord ;
Lo ! in a manger
Sits the King of angels ;
:|| O come, let us adore Him, ||:
Christ the Lord.

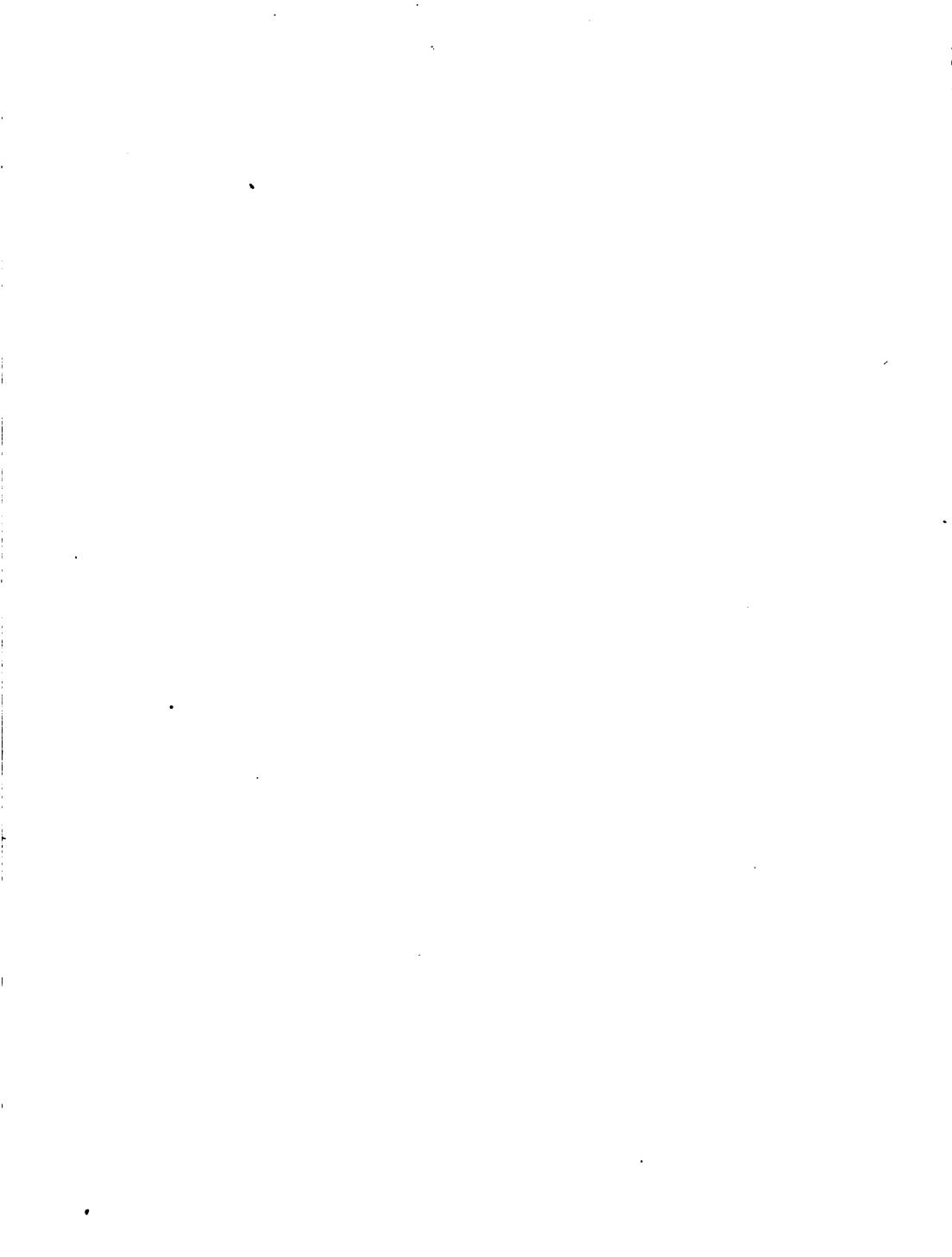
Raise, raise, choirs of angels !
Songs of loudest triumph,
Thro' heavens' high arches be your
praises pour'd ;
Now to our God be,
Glory in the highest ;
:|| O come, let us adore Him, ||:
Christ the Lord.

Amen ! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus, forever be Thy Name adored ;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing ;
:|| O come, let us adore Him, ||:
Christ the Lord.

NO VIVI
AMORILLO







UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

**THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW**

DEC 8 1917

SEP 24 1920

30m-6-'14

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



CD45593794

YC 45626

253402

7/1/2002

